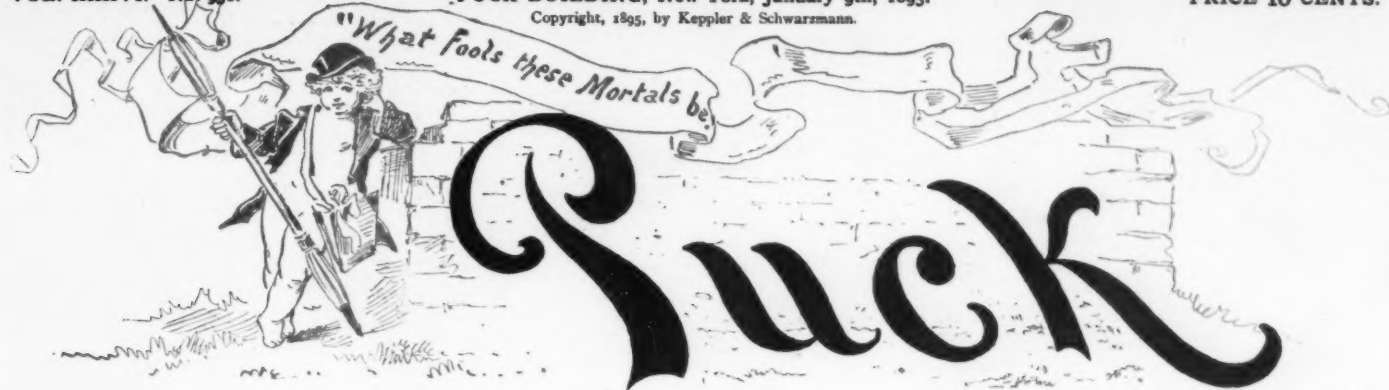


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"I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, GRANDMA!"
(After the Original Masterpiece.)

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A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.



"HERE'S MY new meerschaum pipe?" asked Mr. Cumso, after dinner. "I thought I left it on the mantel, back of the clock, when I quit smoking last night."

"Did n't I hear you say that it would take you a long time to color that pipe, dear?" asked Mrs. Cumso.

"It is quite likely you did. The operation can not be performed all at once. But where is the pipe?"

"You know how anxious I am to save you all the work I can, dear?"

"Yes; just like the precious little woman you are; but what has that to do with the pipe?"

"Just this, love. I got to worrying over the long time it would take you to get it colored, and I wondered if I could n't help you a bit."

"What! You don't mean to say you have been smoking the pipe, yourself?"

"Oh, no! But a poor tramp came to the house this morning. He was smoking the forlornest little bit of a pipe, and —"

"Go on!" commanded Mr. Cumso, in a constrained voice, trying to keep calm. "You made him a present of my new meerschaum, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Your little wife is n't quite that foolish."

"Then what has the tramp to do with the pipe?"

"Don't be impatient, dear, and I'll tell you. I remembered what you said about the long time it would take you to color it, and so I asked the man if he would smoke it all day for a dollar. He said no; that a dollar and a quarter was the lowest he could do it for. So I told him I'd pay him that. He's out in the back yard now, hard at work, and he really seems to enjoy it. Yet some people say that tramps can't be induced to work. But where are you going, love? Not downtown so early, are you? Now, I wonder what's made the man so cross?" she added, as her husband slammed the door.

William Henry Siviter.



THE REASON.

MRS. SITUP.—Why, you are home quite early, for a change!

MR. SITUP.—Yes; my throat's swollen so I can't swallow anything.

A HOLD-OVER.

"Did n't you tell me that Boodil's brother was a Tammany place-holder?"

"Yes, I did. What of it?"

"Why, I heard to-day he's in Sing Sing."

"Well?"

A CINCH.

DUSTY RHODES.—Wonder if I could n't get appointed a member of the Arbitration Board?

FITZ WILLIAM.—Want to work, eh?

DUSTY RHODES.—Nothing of the sort; one side or the other is sure to decide that there is nothing to arbitrate.

YOU CAN usually tell an ass by his lack of horse-sense.

THE WAITER measures the night-hawks from tip to tip.



A POSSIBLE CASE.

CANVASSER.—You don't seem to have much faith in life insurance, Mr. Dooley.

MR. DOOLEY (*excitedly*).—Phy should Oi? Look at me poor brother Moike, rist his sowl! Afther puttin' in hundreds of dollars he lays down and doies loike anny one else; and phut does the Company do but give his widdy two t'ousan' dollars to gallivant t'roo' wid another husband!

THE TROUBLES OF A BIOGRAPHER.

BROWN.—Hobbs is working on his "Life of Napoleon," but he is n't at all satisfied with it.

JONES.—That is something new. He is usually very much pleased with everything he does.

BROWN.—Yes; but it is n't easy for Hobbs to make himself out more important than Napoleon.

FANNY.—What became of Harry after you refused him?

CLARA.—He married miserably well.

"WHAT CAN this Boston girl want?" asked the Music Dealer. "She writes for an Oriental melody called 'Pique Abou.'"



ACES.

MRS. JACK POTT.—I think the men who play poker with John must be awfully charitable.
AUNTY UPP.—Why?
MRS. JACK POTTS.—Why, I heard him tell a friend that he got the biggest pot of the evening because he had "three little ones." Bless the children!

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PAST AND PRESENT.



Now I recall the good old days
When, with my own true love,
I spun along the country ways,
The sunny skies above.
Her tresses were like fine spun gold,
Her eyes were tender blue,
And thus in rapture keen we rolled
On a bicycle built for two.

But now how different is my life!
And, as I stroll along,
Although I'm glad that she's my wife
Yet in my heart no song
Wells forth as in the days of yore.
In truth, I'm feeling blue,
As I roll on from door to door
A carriage built for two.

Tom Masson.

THE IMPRESSIONISTIC POET.

WADE.—I hear Wright's latest poem is a success; what is it?

BUTCHER.—It's called, "W'en I wuz an Editor;" in dialect, of course, and it is very good.

AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

CROSSE.—I hear that Tackmore is displaying Populistic tendencies.

BLACKWELL.—Well, I think they make him look like a goat!

MANY A MAN who is whole-souled on the surface is sadly in need of spiritual half-soling.

THE MAN shaking dice thinks he is having a rattling good time. This shows the difference between sound and sense.



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TROUBLE UP ABOVE.

FIRST SPIRIT.—What's the matter with St. Peter to-day? He's as cross as the Fallen One.

SECOND SPIRIT.—Oh, one of the new arrivals gave him a key-chain, and the good man gets all tangled up with the gate every time he tries to open it.

CALVIN'S QUESTIONS.



THE OTHER day Calvin's father went out for a stroll over the country roads, and through the fragrant woods rich in their gorgeous Autumnal tints. Before he started, Calvin ran up to him and said:

"Won't you let me and the dog go with you, Papa?"

"I have no objections to the dog," replied Calvin's father, affectionately, "because he never asks questions to disturb my thoughts. But you ask questions all the time, and drive me wild."

"If you will only let me go with you, I will ask as few questions as possible. I have to answer questions all day at school, you know, and I suppose that is what makes me ask questions all the time when I don't think of it."

The force of this argument was such upon Calvin's father that he decided to allow his son to accompany him.

They were soon on a quiet back road that was beautifully skirted with sumachs. They paused beneath a large chestnut tree to gather some of the nuts that lay scattered on the ground.

Presently Calvin saw a large caterpillar crawling in one of the wagon ruts.

"Oh, Papa!" he exclaimed; "just look at that beautiful orange caterpillar!"

Calvin's father paused to look at it.

"I suppose," said Calvin, "that it has that great crop of whiskers to keep it warm in Winter?"

"I suppose so."

"Then," said Calvin, suddenly, "how in the world does it ever keep cool in Summer?"

They walked on in silence a little way, when they came to a farm where there was a highly-colored hen strutting around the well. Calvin's father observed the hen for some time, and asked:

"I wonder what kind of a chicken that is?"

Calvin looked at the gorgeous plumage a minute, and then replied:

"It must be the kind of hen that lays the beautiful Easter eggs—that's not a question, is it?"

"Hardly," said Calvin's father with a smile,

A little farther down the winding road they saw some cows reaching into the limbs, eating apples.

"I think it's awful," said Calvin, "to allow the cows to eat those apples."

"They are worthless apples, Calvin."

"And I suppose," said Calvin, "that, as the apples are no good, the farmer lets the cows eat them that he may have lots of apple-butter for the Winter."

Calvin's father was so charmed with the beauty of the golden landscape, and by the shimmering shifts of sunlight that shot through the open spaces of the trees among which they were walking that he was lost in a poet's dream.

They sauntered on for perhaps half a mile when they came to a bridge in the woods and paused for a brief rest. There was a small stream of water running under it, and on one side there was a pool. In this pool there were a number of very small fishes swimming around at a great rate. Calvin's father looked at the minnows for some time, and said:

"That is a school, Calvin."

And then Calvin remarked, with a puzzled expression:

"I suppose they are out for recess, and that big sunfish over there is the teacher, seeing that they don't get hurt, is n't it?"

Calvin's father was too provoked to reply. He could only muse, and think that when he called his boy Calvin he made a mistake in the termination, and concluded that it should have been Caligula.

"Now, see here, Calvin," he said after a while, "if you can not speak to me without asking ridiculous questions, I wish you would keep still."

"I will try to, Papa,"

But in a very little while Calvin forgot all about the promise which he had intended to keep.

When they were once more out of the wood and in the open country, Calvin saw a great pile of bean-poles in front of an old cider-mill.

"Just look, Papa," he said, with the air of one who has made a great discovery, "there are about a thousand bean-poles, and not one of them has roots."

"Roots on bean poles?" remarked Calvin's father with a smile; "don't you know that bean poles never have roots?"

"Bean poles never have roots," repeated Calvin, in great surprise; "now, Papa, if bean poles never have roots, how in the world do the beans grow on them?"

Calvin's father was so annoyed that he remained silent; but he compelled his son to walk about two hundred feet ahead of him, where he could be seen, but not heard. And

in this fashion they finished the afternoon's outing.

At dinner that night Calvin said he would like a little more pudding or a little more turkey. He was afraid to express his wants in the form of questions; and, after dinner, weary and tired by his long walk, he went to bed. A few hours later his mother went into his room to see that he was all right, and found him in a deep, refreshing sleep, with his jack-knife in one hand and his top in the other; and when she bent over to kiss him, she saw that his knees were drawn almost to his chin, and that he was all curled up—just like an interrogation point.

R. K. Munkittrick.

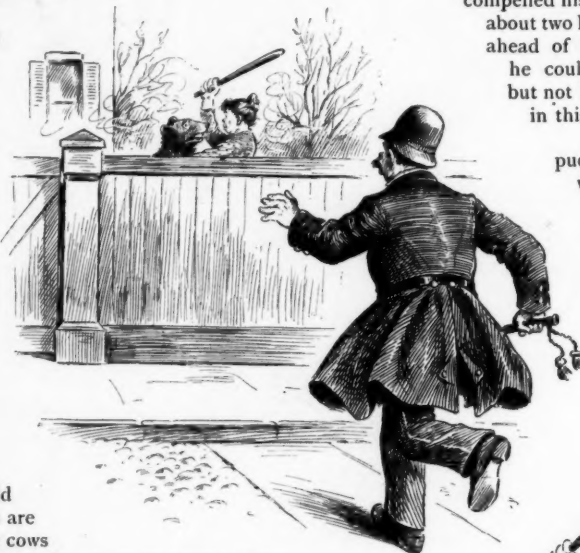


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HOW MANY?

Lonely, my little lass of three
Serious sat with a puzzled pout;
Suddenly glanced she up at me,
Saying, "There's one thing I can't find out.
I know my letters and ten times two,
That it's over a hundred miles to the moon,—
But nobody seems to know—do you?
How many minutes they is in 'soon'?"

Kate M. Cleary.



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A HAIR-RAISING MOMENT.

MCGLONE (the new policeman).—Begorra, there's a bear got loose from some show, an' he's attackin' the lady! Niver fear, Mum; I'll be wid yez in a minute!



MISS KERRIGAN (the housemaid).—Sure, it's funny a gur-r-l can't do her wur-ruk in peace, widout bein' shtared at by a monkey-faced cop!



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A DELICATE SUBJECT.

SETH BASSETT.—We ain't got no big lawyers any more! Where's yer Chief-Justice Taney, where's yer John Marshalls, where's yer Salmon P. Chases?

HANK WINTERGREEN.—There ain't a judge alive now that kin hold a candle to 'em!

HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—Talk a little lower, gents—Judge Ramsbottom over there is mighty sensitive, an' I don't want to lose his custom!

WHERE MONEY TALKS.

"Yes," exclaimed the fair daughter of the millionaire pork packer; "I intend always to have my own way. Even now my father does my bidding."

The foreign lordling said nothing, but sat silent, wondering what the old man would bid for a son-in-law of a noble house that was the real stuff.



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A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

ENTHUSIAST.—Ah, Wagner! Wagner! In such a neighborhood as this, too! How my heart thrills at the sound!

REGULAR ENOUGH.

RAILROAD OFFICIAL.—Under the new law we are allowed to give passes only to employees.

ASSEMBLYMAN VOUGHT.—That's all right; what's the matter with putting me on the list as a bill clerk?

MISS OLDS.—Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book.

MISS FRENCH.—As plain as that?

A MAN WHO IS CROOKED usually follows his own bent.



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FINANCIAL NOTE.

A sudden cry arose from the tall native who had been searching among the wreckage along the beach.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, as he scanned a paper he had found; "American securities, as I am alive! I did n't suppose they could be floated in this vicinity. Well, I declare!"

He could not, however, disbelieve the evidence of his own senses.

AT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

MRS. DE PEYSTER (*engaging a servant*).—What nationality are you, Norah?

NORAH.—Sure, O'im an American, Mum.

MRS. DE P.—What kind of American?

NORAH.—Faith and O'i guess you'd call me an Oirish-American.

MRS. DE P.—Then you will not suit me, as I want a pure American.

NORAH.—O'i did n't know there were any, Mum.

MRS. DE P. (*haughtily*).—I am one.

NORAH.—Oh, it's beggin' your pardon O'i am! but O'i never should have thought it; yez don't look a bit like an Indian, Mum.

A MANIFEST LIE.

MANAGING EDITOR.—What did you discharge Bluffer for?

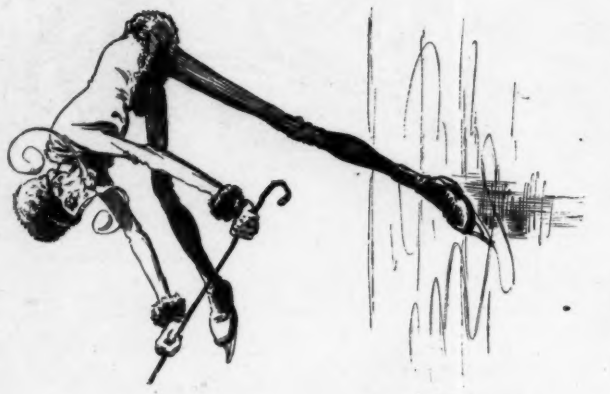
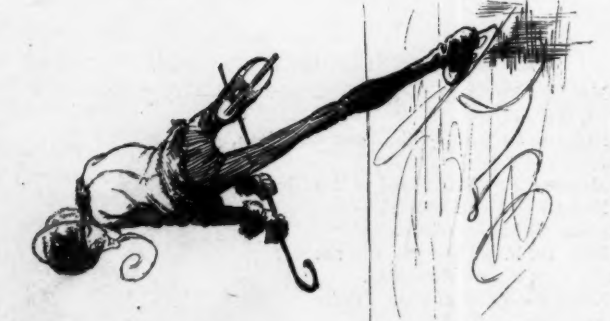
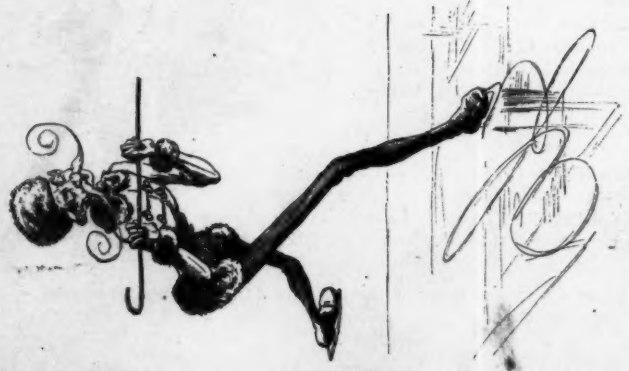
CITY EDITOR.—Lying. I sent him to interview Slug, the pugilist, and he reported that Slug would n't talk.



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BOYS WILL be boys; and some of the girls are doing the best they can in the same direction.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.



To the frozen fjord the Norseman came
On the smooth, clear ice to scroll his name.

Olaf Bjornstrom Bjornjoklaus —
A name to make the stoutest pause.

But the ice lay tempting, smooth and clear,
And he was a man that knew not fear.

With the grape-vine twist and the Swedish roll
He turned it off — to the Norsemen skol!

Backward, forward, fast and slow,
Twisting, turning, and o —

THE BETTER WAY.

MRS. HICKS. — I've told the landlord a dozen times about the street-door being out of order; but he does n't fix it.
HICKS. — He will to-morrow.

MRS. HICKS. — How do you know?
HICKS. — I've put a card up: "This door does n't work; ring the janitor's bell."



IN EVIDENCE.
PIPKIN. — The first thing a fellow does when he gets in over his head, is to write his girl a fool letter.
PORTS. — What makes you think so?
PIPKIN. — I've seen too many of them marked "Exhibit A."

MISS PRUVN. — Where did you get the design of your servants' livery?
SASH. — Oh, my ancestors used it!
MISS PRUVN. — Indeed! By whom were they employed?

A SAD DOG — Monsieur Cerberus, with three palates to satisfy, and only one stomach to hold.

SOME CRAYON portraits are bad enough to justify a complaint of "false representations."

"TRUTH is mighty and will prevail;" but if the rule of the majority counts for anything, whatever prevails is called truth.



Behold him now, who tempted fate —
That Norway name tore off his skate!

HER SYSTEM OF CHRONOLOGY.

MINNIE. — How ridiculous! Mrs. Ferris says she never really began to live until she met her husband.

ADA. — Humph! I suppose that's how she makes out she's only twenty-two.

HIS CONCLUSION.

BROWN. — That cabman I had last night must have been drunk.
JONES. — Did n't he get you home all right?
BROWN. — Yes; but I found, on examining my pocket-book this morning, that his charges must have been quite reasonable.

PREMATURE.

He sank upon his knees.
"Darling!" he impetuously cried; "I have come to sue for your hand."
She smiled kindly.
"It can not be," she said. "Think no more of such a thing."
Leading him gently to a seat, she explained at length that, in the essential nature of American jurisprudence, the courts could not interfere thus early in the game.

HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

ACTRESS. — Oh, you are the gentleman who is to write up my life?
REPORTER. — Yes; I've called to get the facts.
ACTRESS. — Oh, dear me! *You* 'll never do. I don't want any facts in it, young man.





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Wednesday, January 9th, 1895. — No. 931.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE COAT
AND THE MAN.**

IT WILL not take us long, now that we have got into January of 1895, to find out how much basis there may be for ex-President Harrison's famous dictum that a cheap coat makes a cheap man. If the standard of American citizenship is to be lowered, it will be lowered, now the new tariff has gone into effect, and down goes the duty on wool and on clothing. For ourselves, we do not feel any deep apprehension as to the result. Any man of middle age, whose memory goes back to the time of war-prices, has had an opportunity to see how the gradual decrease in the cost of articles of domestic use has tended to better the condition of the great mass of the American people. If he has any doubt of the fact of this general betterment, among persons of what are called moderate means, let him compare the home of 1865 with the home of 1895. How many of what were then the luxuries of life are looked upon to-day as necessities! Prominent among these are the Furnace and the Bath-Room. Neither of these now wide-spread aids to civilized comfort can be said to have lowered the moral tone of the people, or to have warped the back-bone of civic virtue. Perhaps the furnace has not always been free from the imputation of being a promoter of profanity; and no doubt the bath-room has sometimes been too good a friend to the plumber; but, on the whole, we are inclined to believe that the warmer and cleaner American of 1895 is just as good a man and a patriot as the American of 1865; and as to the American woman, she certainly retains her proud pre-eminence as the best thing of her sex in the world.

And, talking of the American woman, who makes, after all, the measure of the American man, it can not be right and wise that she should have any unnecessary strain put upon her in her important work of feeding and clothing her family. We have a great deal of trust in the American woman. We do not believe that, because she can get her own clothing and her children's cheaper this year than she could last, she will

take advantage of this boon to instill cheaper principles of morality into those children's minds, or to get slack herself. Nor, on the other hand, do we believe that her good husband is going to deteriorate in manly morality because he can have two "Sunday suits" instead of one. A man in a new Sunday suit is generally such a noble specimen of God's creatures that he leans over backward; and to have his self-respect thus stimulated twice as often as it used to be ought to do him more good than harm. Certainly it ought not to make him feel more "cheap" than before—more open to corruption, to moral degradation; to the temptations of sordid greed and avarice. With all due respect to Mr. Harrison, we think he takes too gloomy and pessimistic a view of the awful possibilities of cheap clothing. Let him possess his soul in patience and await the issue with the hope and confidence of which we are willing to set him a cheerful example.

**BUSINESS
I'S SPOILS.**

It is a disgraceful thing that the Mayor of New York should be annoyed at the very beginning of a most important task by the noisy importunities of place-hunters, and the clamor of selfish spoilsmen. The first work that lies before him is not the work of distributing Tammany places among his friends and adherents; but the work of weeding out incompetent and corrupt officials and putting in their places men chosen by himself, for whom he is willing to accept the responsibility of guaranteeing their integrity and confidence. So far, Mr. Strong has shown that he takes a broad-minded and patriotic view of his great opportunity, and we hope that he will also show firmness in letting no consideration of friendship or party fealty hamper him in his work. And not only is the purification of the public service the first thing to be done, but it is the one thing that must be done, promptly and effectually, if the triumph of reform is to be made enduring. The business of the hour is the laying of a broad and firm foundation for a good administration; and the business of the hour it is, in the strictest sense of the phrase. Experience has shown that the corruption which exists is of that shameless sort that makes use of its opportunities to the very last hour and moment. The motto of the official malefactors is "After Us the Deluge." That they will make the most of their last hours will not be doubted, and they should be got rid of before the claims of party receive consideration. Here is a fresh situation to prove the value of a rational civil service system, not only to open the doors of office to worthy and efficient public servants; but to keep watch over them after they have once entered, so faithfully that no special investigation would be needed to tell the public and the executive whether they are doing their duty or not. With such a system Mayor Strong's task would be far lighter than it can be at present, and he would have a fairer and fuller chance to carry out unhampered the programme of reform. Let the citizens of New York remember that those who do so hamper, for personal and selfish end, the new Mayor in his new labors, are enemies of the public weal, and, practically, allies of the men who have so long done the people wrong.

AN AWAKENING.

WHEN BERNICE was learning to skate I decided
Her slenderness gave no idea of her weight.
For all the enjoyment was hers, undivided,
When Bernice was learning to skate.

But now, when at midnight she roars
like a furnace,
I pause on each lap of my journey to state,
Her daughter weighs fully a stone more than Bernice,
When Bernice was learning to skate.

Edward W. Burnard.

"GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

The look of pain upon his face did not
escape the quick glance of his wife.

"Dearest," she said, "you have eaten
something that did n't agree with you."

The cannibal sighed.

"True," he answered; "the missionary
clung to inerrancy, and all I could say for
higher criticism did n't bring him to my way
of thinking."

SHE CONTEMPLATED herself in the mirror
and mused aloud.

"The world tells me," she said, "that mine
is a strong face."

She smiled.

"The world is right."

She was now thoroughly satisfied that the clothes-
line, which caught her under the nose as she crossed
the back-yard, had left no trace of its impact.

A MAN WHO can't sing and will sing should be made
to swing.



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NOT YET.

UNCLE TREETOP. — What does it signify when a policeman has two stripes on his sleeve?

WILLIAM ANN. — That he has served two terms of five years each.

UNCLE TREETOP. — In Sing Sing?



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OUR RELIGIOUS LANDLORDS AND THE

UCK.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York

AND THEIR ROOKERY TENANTS.



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SATISFIED.

FATHER. — You must know, sir, that my daughter will get nothing from me until my death.

SUITOR (*pleasantly*). — Oh, that 's all right, sir; that 's all right! I have enough to live on for two or three years.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

"Don't sit up for me to-night, dear," said the Emancipated Woman, as she looked into the sewing-room where her husband was darning stockings.

The husband looked up from his work and listened as his wife went on, putting on her gloves the while: "I find it necessary to post my books to-night, and shall probably be very late getting back home."

"Stay as long as you like," replied the patient husband, sweetly; "no doubt I shall be rather late myself, to-night."

"You?" asked the Emancipated Woman, in astonishment. "Yes."

"Where may you be going, may I inquire?"

"I am going to attend a meeting of the League for the Emancipation of Husbands."

"Indeed! On second thoughts, I think I will postpone settling up my books until some future time, and we 'll spend a quiet evening together, just as we used to when we were first married."

"Very well, love. In that case I won't go to the League meeting;" and the husband put up his lips for a kiss.



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THE LATEST.

MAE. — Why, that 's Gussie Sappington! He passed us without bowing, and he used to be the soul of politeness.

BESS. — The poor boy does not see us. You know the Prince of Wales is getting dreadfully near-sighted.

LETTING HIM DOWN EASY.

HE. — Why do you persist in thinking we would not be happy together?

SHE. — I have been reading "Unhappy Wives of Men of Genius." It is your fate.

THE LATEST PRECAUTION.

"I was riveted to the spot."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I was keeping books for a bank at the time, you know."



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ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

"The path is smooth that leadeth on to Danger."



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SUSPICION AROUSED.

YOUNG ISAACSTEIN. — Oppenheimer vill take dose goods at our brice.

ISAACSTEIN. — Did n't he try to get dem cheaper?

YOUNG ISAACSTEIN. — No; he chumped at der offer.

ISAACSTEIN. — Mur-rtter! Dot feller is goin' to fail again

WHEN A MAN attempts to drive the horses, Business and Pleasure, at the same time, they are very apt to go tandem, with Pleasure in the lead.

THE SIDE-DOOR plan seems to be a sort of poetical liquor license.

TOMMY'S LITTLE JOKE, AND THE WAY IT WORKED.

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TOMMY.—By Jimminy! Grandpa's flute and Grandpa's snuff-box! If that ain't a combination I can have some fun with, my name is Mud!



"I'll just fill the flute full of this snuff, and when Grandpa goes to blow on it—oh, say!"



"Grandpa, I wish you'd play that old favorite of yours, 'Sweet Scented Violets.'"



GRANDPA.—I am glad, Tommy, to think that you appreciate Grandpa's efforts on the flute. Certainly I'll play it!



TOMMY.—Say, this is too good!



—!!—!!—!!—!!—!!

A DELAYED DEPARTURE.



VON BLUMER.—I hear you are thinking of taking a trip to Europe, old man?

DIMPLETON.—Yes; there's been some talk about it. Here's a steamer chair received this morning from a cousin of my wife's.

VON BLUMER.—By Jove! that's fine!

DIMPLETON.—And here's a coat my brother presented me with to use crossing the Channel.

VON BLUMER.—That's a dandy!—just what you want! I suppose that cap is to wear on the steamer?

DIMPLETON.—Yes; my aunt gave me that. Then look at the books my wife has to read going over—presents from her sister.

VON BLUMER.—Well, well! you are nicely fixed.

DIMPLETON.—Yes, indeed! my mother gave me these spy-glasses.

VON BLUMER.—Splendid! Splendid!

DIMPLETON.—And my sister gave me this traveling bag.

VON BLUMER.—Elegant, is n't it? When do you start?

DIMPLETON.—I can't say exactly, old man.

VON BLUMER.—What! Not know when you are going to start? What's keeping you?

DIMPLETON.—Well, the fact is, I have n't heard from my wife's father yet.

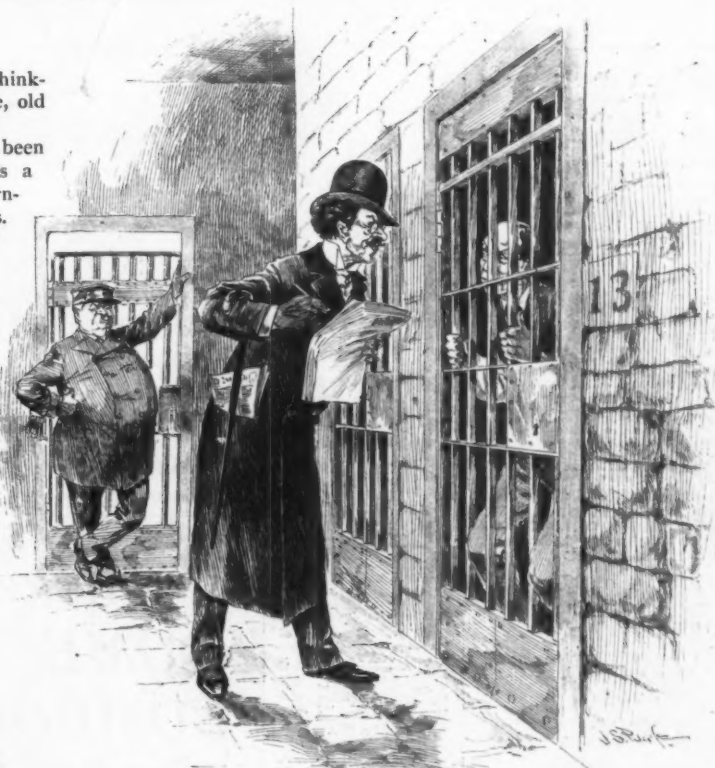
Tom Masson.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

CROSSE.—I see where Thumpford, the great actor, had forty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds stolen from him.

BLACKWELL.—I don't believe it! How could a man wear so many diamonds?

CROSSE.—Easy! They were on his welter-weight champion belt.



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REPORTER.—I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Swindle, but this is an important matter.

MR. SWINDLE.—Can't let a man alone, even when he's in jail, can you?

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BETTER THAN A STRING.

MOTHER.—Johnny! On your way home from school, stop at the store and get me a stick of candy and a bar of soap.

FATHER.—What do you want of a stick of candy?

MOTHER.—That's so he'll remember the soap.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

INTERESTED HER MORE.

"Now, as to the Coming Woman—"

She yawned behind her fan;

"Beg pardon, Mr. Layte, but how About the going man?"

—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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CLARA.—So that I can cut her at the first opportunity.

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MR. HIGHTONE.—Are you sure that new coachman you hired is a genuine Englishman?

MRS. HIGHTONE.—Oh, he must be! He said he did not know one street from another.—*New York Weekly.*

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WAITER.—Can't serve beer on Sunday, sir.

BOYLSTON.—What! can't three hungry men get something to eat? We're awful hungry.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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EGBERT.—Living in Philadelphia.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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—Washington Star.

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CRIMSONBEAK.—No; but he married something else that talks.

—Yonkers Statesman.

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 SAM.—Yep.
 COOK.—Vat sort of soup does it smell like?—*New York Weekly.*

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"GREAT Scott! why don't you throw a life preserver to that man? He's drowning."
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 BEERAND. — Say, Bartender, you don't have much of a free lunch here, do you?
 BARTENDER. — We do for about two seconds after we put it on the counter. — *South Boston News.*

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 HOUSEKEEPER. — Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.
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YEAST. — What 's that man trying to do, doubled in two on that bicycle?

CRIMSONBEAK. — I guess he 's trying to put his "shoulder to the wheel." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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YET.
MRS. WABASH. — I got a letter from Sadie Penfeather yesterday.
MRS. JACKSON PARKE. — Indeed? Is she married yet?
MRS. WABASH. — I don't know. She did n't say. It is likely that she is not, as the wedding was more than a year ago. — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

AT THE CREDIT HOUSE.

CUSTOMER. — That clock I bought from you a month ago has n't been going for several days.

DEALER. — I'm not surprised at that. You must remember, Madam, that you have n't paid last week's installment on it, yet. — *South Boston News.*

No Sediment.



To create an appreciative appetite and promote a natural feeling of perfect health and robustness, drink

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SCHOOLMATE. — Why do you never touch your piano?
MISS THUMPER. — We're buying it on instalments.
"What difference does that make?"
"I'm afraid if Paw should hear me play, he'd stop paying." — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE DOWN-TRODDEN SEX.

MRS. HIGHUPP (wearily). — Woman's work is never done.

MRS. WAYUPP (drearily). — Too true. A man may get rich and retire from business, but a woman must go on making and receiving calls to the day of her death. — *New York Weekly.*



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PUCK.
YE FOOLISH OLD BARD AND YE WISE YOUNG TROUBADOUR.

YE mightie King sat in his halle, his nobles aro his syde,
But bored, in sooth, to any the truth, for alle his haughtie pride,
He would not to ye green woode goe, nor hunting of ye hart or doe,
What once to ye green admir'd.
And when Sir Bertram Bavis spake of hawking heron by ye lake,
Ye King with glance did make him quake.
Said he: "You make me tired!"

Then up and stood his senechal and craved his linge's grace;
He said: "There stands without ye halle two wandring minstrels at your call,
And strangers to ye place.
A Harper one, a man of eld, a hard such as in Scotia dwell'd
In other times gone by.
He wakes his wild harp's martial strains with sturdy, strong and bold refrains
Which make men fight and die.
Ye other's but a Troubadour, such as without ye postern door
At midnight serenades.
And tho' ye archers aro him shoot, yet still ye maun'dering gillot,
Will yowl his ballads to his lute to please ye love-sick maidens."

"We'll see him later," said ye King; "but first we'll have ye Harper sing.
These lutes give me pain!
But wandring minstrels bowed with age are taught by time to be more sage,
And come in when it rains."

Ye Harper's seated in ye halle, across ye strings his fingers fall'd,
And he could play, I wis;
His bow'd with reverence to ye King, and with crack'd voice essay'd to sing,
A strain that ran like this:

"O King! ye sit within your halle, with knights and nobles at your call,
And never one has got the gall to ever say ye may!
But all these vanities of thine, thy costly fare and raiment fine,
Some day must pass away.
Beware! Beware! your doleful doom, when you shall moulder in ye tomb—"



He got no further, for ye King his sceptre then did aro him fling,
Which, hap'ly, was not sharp.
The dogs were at ye croaker's side—then one and alle ye good knights kicked
Ye stuffing from his harp.

"Bring now ye other minstrel in!" then cried ye king, as mad as an,
"And if he sings such doleful lays
As hath this mug we've lately heard, upon me royal oath and word
I'll give him sixty days!"

Ye other minstrel, young was he, he touch'd his lute most daintily
And said, "I'll do me best;
For I have played in many hands with Georgia Minstrels—one-eight stands—
But out in Camelot we strands, an' I hoo'd it from de West!"

Then he touch'd his lute to a merry air, and did his best turn for them there
In a way that caught ye gang.
He had no doleful tale to tell, but he gave them ye lay of "Daisie Belle,"
And this, likewise, he sang:

"Oh, never was there a king like you, or ever one half as great;
I tell ye truth as a regular thing and I give this to you straight!
Yea, 've got a record out of sight, you always treat your people white,
And they to honor you delight, O King! most wise and great!"

Ate this ye meaneuch leamed with glee: "I will not hear you more," said he,
"For my great hot is modesty and you have sung enough!"
But, by request, "After ye halle," and "Ye Boverie," too, he sang for all,
Until the nobles in the halle cried, whooping, "That's ye stuff!"

Ye moral of this ancient lay still holdeth good until this day,
The which is simply this:
That he who for a guerdon sings must ne'er harp on *unpleasant* things
To peasants, nobles, knaves or kings; and this is true, I wis.
Ray L. McCardell.

